

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Oth. I tell thee shee is, therefore make her grave straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, unless he drown'd her selfe in her own defence?

Oth. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lies the point, if I drowne my selfe wittingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; shee drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay but heare you Goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he nill he; he goes, marke you that: but if the water come to him and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe; argall hee that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth ant't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman she should have bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pittie that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more than their even Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that ever bore armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest mee not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill, now thou doest ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the Church, argall the gallows may doe well to thee. To't againe, come.

Oth. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow.

Prince of Denmarke,

Clow. I, tell me that and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Oth. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull asse will not mend his pace with bearing, & when you are askt this questiō next, say a grave-maker, the houses he makes last till Doomesday. Goe get thee in, and fetch me a soope of liquor.

In youth when I did love did love,

Song.

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behove,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his businesse? a sings in grave-making.

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ha. 'Tis een so, the hand of little emploiment hath the daintier

Clow. But age with his stealing steps *Song.* (sense,

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had never bin such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if 'twere *Cains* jaw-bone, that did the first murther: this might be the pate of a Polititian which this asse now ore-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good morrow my Lord, how doest thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a ones horse when a meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sextens spade; here's fine revolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggits with them? mine ake to think on't.

Clow. A pickaxe and a spade a spade,
for and a shrowding sheert,

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